

The History of

I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heauie too: God keep Lead out of me, I need no more weight then mine owne bowels: I haue led my rag of Muffians where they are peperd: theres not three of my 150. left aliue, and they are for the townes end, to begge during life. But who comes heere? *Enter the Prince.*

Prince What standst thou idle heere? lend mee thy Sword, Many a Noble man lies starke and stiffe, Vnder the houes of vaunting enemies, Whose deaths are yet vnreucng'd, I prethee lend me thy Sword.

Fal. O *Hal*, I prethee giue me leaue to breathe a while: *Turke Gregorie* neuer did such deeds in armes, as I haue done this day: I haue payd *Percy*, I haue made him sure.

Prince. He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee; I prethee lend me thy Sword.

Fal. Nay before God *Hal*, if *Percy* be aliue, thou getst not my sword, but take my pistoll if thou wilt.

Prince Giue it me: what? is it in the case?

Fal. I *Hal*, tis hot, theres that will sacke a Citie.

The Prince drawes it out, and findes it a bottell of Sacke.

Prince What, is it a time to iest and dally now?

He throwes the Bottell at him. Exit.

Fal. If *Percy* be aliue, Ile pierce him, if he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a Carbo-nado of me. I like not such grinning honour as *sir Walter* hath: giue me life, which if I can saue, so: if not, honour comes vnlookt for, and theres an end.

Alarme, excursions, enter the King, the Prince, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, and Earle of Westmerland.

King I prethee *Harry* withdraw thy selfe, thou bleedest too much; Lord *Iohn* of Lancaster, goe you with him.

P. Iohn Not I, my Lord, vnlesse I did bleed too.

Prin. I beseech your Maiestie make vp, Lest your retirement doe amaze your friends.

Ki. I will do so; my L. of *Westmerland*, leade him to his Tent.

West. Come, my Lord, Ile leade you to your Tent.

Prince Lead me my Lord, I doe not need your helpe; And God forbid a shallow scratch should driue

The

Henry the

The prince of *Wales* from such a fate
Where staine'd Nobilitie lies trod
And Rebels Armes triumph in m

Iohn We breathe too long, con
Our duty this way lies: For God

Prin. By God, thou hast dece
I did not thinke thee Lord of such
Before I lou'd thee as a brother

But now I doe respect thee as my
King I saw him hold Lord *Percy*
With lustier maintenance then I

Of such an vngrowne Warriier.

Prin. O, this Boy lends mettall

Dong. Another King, they gr
I am the *Dowglas* fatal to all these
That weare those colours on their

That counterfeist the person of

Ki. The King himselfe, who

So many of his shadowes thou ha

And not the very King: I haue t

Seeke *Percy* and thy selfe, about th

But seeing thou fall'st on me so lu

I will assay thee, and defend thy se

Dong. I feare thou art another

And yet in faith thou bear'st thee

But mine I am sure thou art, who

And thus I winne thee,

They fight, the King being in dan

Prince. Hold vp thy head vile

Neuer to hold it vp againe, the sp

Of valiant *Sherly*, *Stafford*, *Blunt*, a

It is the Prince of *Wales* that threa

Who neuer promiseth, but he m

They fight, Dong

Cheerely my Lord, how fares yo

Sir Nicholas Gamsay hath for succo

And so hath *Clifton*: Ile to *Clifton*

King. Stay, and breathe a whi